





W. H. NO. 3  
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W. H. NO. 3CELEBRATION AT HINGHAM.  
1st August, 1844.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to participate with the Chief Marshal in carrying into effect the arrangements for the Festival on the 1st of August; and they are earnestly requested to use their best exertions to secure a large attendance from their respective counties:—

AIDS.

NATHAN LINCOLN, HENRY W. WILLIAMS,

JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR., WILLIAM C. NELL,

COUNTY MARSHALS.

Plymouth.

EDWARD T. PERRY, of Hanson.

Suffolk.

HENRY L. BOWDITCH, of Boston.

Norfolk.

ELIAS RICHARDSON, of Weymouth.

Essex.

JAMES N. BURKE, of Lynn.

The place of rendezvous for the Norfolk delegation will be at WEYMOUTH, OLD SPAIN; and for Plymouth County at SOUTH HINGHAM; where those friends who attend the celebration in their own vehicles are requested to assemble precisely at half past six o'clock, and proceed together to Hingham, under the direction of the Chief Marshals of their counties. Arrangements will be made for providing for the care of horses of those who attend, at a reduced charge, that no obstacle may prevent an unanimous meeting of all who love the cause and desire to aid its progress.

After leaving their vehicles, the delegations from the towns in Norfolk and Plymouth counties will assemble at the Baptist meeting-house in Belknap-street at 10 o'clock. A procession will be formed, and pass through Cambridge, Charles, Beacon and Park streets, to the Tremont Chapel, where addresses will be delivered by several gentlemen who are engaged for the occasion. Friends of the cause in the city and country are invited to be present.

A Soiree will be had in the evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents each. It is expected that Mr. Garrison will address the audience on the occasion. Let all come who feel disposed to pass an agreeable evening. The Soiree will be held in the Infant School Room.

## Colored Citizens' Celebration of First of August.

The anniversary of British West India Emancipation will be celebrated by the Colored of New-England on the 1st of August, by public addresses, and a Soiree.

The colored citizens and friends of freedom will assemble at the Baptist meeting-house in Belknap-street at 10 o'clock. A procession will be formed, and pass through Cambridge, Charles, Beacon and Park streets, to the Tremont Chapel, where addresses will be delivered by several gentlemen who are engaged for the occasion. Friends of the cause in the city and country are invited to be present.

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## FIRST OF AUGUST IN NEW-BEDFORD!

A Pic-Nic will be held at Parker's Grove, NEW-BEDFORD, to which the friends in the neighboring towns are invited on the First of August, to celebrate the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies.

Among the eloquent and devoted advocates of our cause who are expected to address the assembly are WENDELL PHILLIPS, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, EDWARD QUINCY, CHARLES L. REMOND, and JAMES FELTON CLARKE.

Address will also be made by the HUTCHINSONS, freedom's own vocalists, in the peculiar style of eloquence for which they are so justly celebrated.

Music by the instrumental Bands, and a select choir, will also be introduced, to give variety to the services.

As on all similar occasions, the refreshments will be furnished by those who attend the Pic-Nic, each contributing a proportion. Those who find it more convenient to send their provisions previously to the day of the celebration, can forward them, either to Hingham, at the Anti-Slavery Office, Boston; where a subscription may also be found by those who prefer to make donations in money for the payment of the expenses of the Festival, rather than furnish a portion of the refreshments.

The delegation from Suffolk county will leave LIVELIHOOD WHARF, at the foot of Pearl-street, at EIGHT o'clock, in the steamer General Lincoln, or in two steamers if necessary, and will stop for a moment at East Boston, to receive the friends from Essex County, in the cars, at seven and a half o'clock, and will remain at East Boston until the arrival of the steamer for Hingham. The fare from Salem to Boston will be reduced half.

From Boston and Hingham and back, price of passage will be only eighteen cents each way.

Tickets for the cars from Salem, and for the steamer to Hingham, may be procured of James N. Buffum, Lynn, or of Eliza J. Kenny, Salem.

Tickets for the steamer to and from Hingham may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 25 Cornhill, and all are requested to procure them previous to the first.

The Boston delegation will be accompanied by a band of Music.

If the weather prove unfavorable, the celebration will take place the first fair day.

The delegates from Plymouth and Norfolk counties will form, as previously announced, in Founain Square, at 9 o'clock, and will proceed a short distance to receive the representatives of Suffolk and Essex counties; but they will remain in their ranks, that no further delay may be experienced in forming the Grand Order of March, that will be necessary to give time for formation to Suffolk and Essex counties.

The various towns will form, under their respective trustees, in alphabetical order, with the exception of the friends in Hingham, who will precede the Procession, as an escort.

The Chief Marshal takes this opportunity of urging especially upon the friends in Plymouth and Norfolk counties, the absolute necessity of punctuality in arriving at the hour appointed; and of expressing the hope that all, who are not prevented by physical inability, will take place in the Procession.

The Grand Procession will be formed as follows:

Aid. Chief Marshal. Aid. Mo-Mo.

Aid. Marshal of Plymouth. Aid. Mo-Mo.

Plymouth County, presided by Hingham.

President and Vice-Presidents, Marshal, and Orators of the Day.

Aid. Marshal of Essex County. Aid. Delegates from Essex.

The splendid Banner of the American Society.

Aid. Marshal of Suffolk. Aid. Music.

Delegates from Suffolk.

Aid. Marshal of Norfolk County.

Aid. Delegates from other Counties.

All towns are requested to appoint their Marshals and Standard Bearers before the day of the Festival.

JAIUS LINCOLN, Chief Marshal.

Suffolk County.

The persons named below are invited to act as Marshals to the Suffolk delegation, on the first of August, at Hingham; and they are requested to report themselves at the Anti-Slavery Office, on or before Tuesday, 20th instant:

James Baxter, Jun. Edmund Jackson,

Cornelius Bramhall, Benj. P. Bassett,

Benj. W. Gage, Robert Morris,

Daniel N. Haskell, John Curtis, Jun.

S. B. Kendall, John G. King,

George Bartlett, John L. Emmons.

All persons are desired to procure tickets at 25 cents each, immediately, that adequate arrangements may be made for transportation.

HENRY B. BOWDITCH,

Chief Marshal Suffolk Co.

## CELEBRATION AT CONCORD.

To the Friends of Freedom in Middlesex and the neighboring Counties.

All who feel interested in the slave's welfare and the progress of human rights, of whatever sect or sex, or party, are invited to meet at Concord, on the approaching 1st of August, to celebrate the anniversary of the emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British West Indies—an event the most note-worthy of modern times, one which appeals to the noblest feelings of the heart; which was stained with no blood, and achieved by no physical strife, but accomplished by the wonder-working power of truth and even-handed justice; which has caused no tears to flow but those of joy, unless the tyrant weeps over victims snatched away; which has proved that obedience to the laws of God is for man's best interest; which has

raised thousands from the position of brutes to that of men, and carried the light of knowledge and Christianity to the homes of thousands in darkness before; and which is, in fact, the crowning glory of Christianity in this age.

The exercises will commence at 11 o'clock, and will consist of singing by an anti-slavery choir, and an address by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. At noon, there will be a collation in the woods—tickets 25 cents—and afterwards, addresses by John Pierpont, S. J. May, F. Douglass, George Bradburn, W. A. White, Walter Channing, and other distinguished friends of liberty.

It is desirable that the friends who propose coming, should send an estimate of the number that will probably attend from their respective towns, that suitable provision may be made. Please address W. M. A. WHITE, Watertown, or Mrs. M. M. BROOKS, Concord.

EDWARD T. PERRY, of Hanson.

## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

**THE CHILD'S BURIAL.**  
 'Twas night o'er Georgia's fairy bower,  
 Where softly slept her fragrant flowers,  
 While calmly shone the moon around  
 Upon the mossy covered ground;  
 And there was borne upon the breeze,  
 Sweet fragrance from the orange tree,  
 And from the boughs above was heard  
 The singing of the evening bird,  
 Mingling with the incessant sound  
 Of the dark river's ceaseless bound:  
 All, all conspired to make the place  
 Blest with every beauties grace;  
 But, hark! comes there no sound to mar  
 The beauty of the place? From far  
 Is heard man's suffering wail—it tells  
 In this fair land of streams and dells,  
 Reign slavery, with resistless power!  
 It misery brings in every hour  
 To those dark sons of our own land,  
 O'er whom we rule with stern command.  
 There came into this lovely place  
 Two persons of the Afric race;  
 They bore their child—its soul had fled—  
 And now it slumbered with the dead;  
 They bore it there, a grave to find,  
 Where all things beautiful found.  
 They laid their child beneath the flowers,  
 Away from strife where evil lowers;  
 Their words were few, their tears fell not  
 Upon that highly favored spot.  
 Strange it seemed, that a parent's heart  
 Could thus its loved offspring part;  
 Then seated on the new-made mound,  
 They looked with cauious eye around.

'Dear Rachel, we shall see no more  
 Our lovely little boy,  
 Playing beside our humble door,  
 With countenance of joy.

When we return at close of day,  
 Oppressed with toil and heat,  
 No more he'll meet us on our way,  
 With footstep light and fleet.

And where with bounding heart, of late,  
 He sat down by our side,  
 'T will now indeed be desolate,  
 For he, our joy, has died!

We will not mourn that he has fled  
 And slumbers in the grave;  
 Since now we've laid him with the dead,  
 He cannot be a slave!

A bondman's lot he would have known,  
 With all its misery;  
 And o'er his pathway thickly strown,  
 Would want and suffering be.

But, sleeping here, he ne'er shall know  
 What 'tis to be a slave;  
 There ne'er will enter grief nor woe,  
 Within this peaceful grave.'

'Ah, yes, Lamore, our little boy  
 Has died from want and pain,  
 E'er sorrow could his peace destroy,  
 Or sin his soul could stain.

He's gone unto the world above,  
 Unto his Father God;  
 And resting in Eternal Love,  
 Now heaven's his blest abode.

And, when our tedious life is o'er,  
 Again our son we'll see,  
 And we shall part with him no more,  
 Throughout eternity.'

And kneeling down upon the sod,  
 They poured their souls in prayer to God;  
 They then returned to their dreary home,  
 To live as slaves till death should come.

South Scituate. C. R. G.

From the Hartford Times.

## OLE BULL.

Io Pian! Io sing,  
 Honor to the Fiddle-King!  
 King, by 'right divine,' and holy,  
 All the world has crowned thee, Ole!

Had the Northern hordes of old,  
 Forth from Scandinavia cold,  
 Rushing like starved wolves for prey—  
 Had they, Ole, heard thee play,  
 They had ever kept at home—  
 They had never plundered Rome.

Hast thou lived in those old days,  
 When music met such fitting praise,  
 The trees that moved at Orpheus' tones,  
 The trees and beasts, and senseless stones,  
 Ne'er would they have sought these so—  
 Running would have been too slow;  
 They'd have ta'en the railroad car,  
 And came to thee from near and far.

Whence the magic didst thou learn  
 Into golden sounds to turn  
 All then touchest—all to change  
 'Into something rich and strange?'  
 So sad the mournful measures slow,  
 We seem to hear, in realms below,  
 The Lord of ancient melody,  
 Lamenting lost Eurydice!

Yet when thou soundest free and high,  
 'As if native to the sky,'  
 We're sure Apollo's self has given  
 These lessons in the highest heaven!

Listening thy wild music, we  
 Mighty panoramas see,  
 And such sounds we seem to hear  
 As were too great for mortal ear;

Now a changeless streamlet's flow,  
 Rippling gaily, murmuring, slow;  
 Now the little sounds advance,  
 Nimble as fairies in the dance;

And like the sunbeam's limy motes,  
 Each a golden glory floats;

Now the sweetest such doth seem  
 As of song heard in a dream;

Or the hearts of lovers blent,  
 Beating music in the breast;

Both one measure—until we  
 Grow faint, as an o'erblown we—  
 With excess of harmony;

And our minds to nerveless air  
 Sees dissolved, and here and there

We sway and slide, without a will,  
 Slaves of slightest impulse, till—

Crash!—as when the thunder's stroke  
 Tops off down the lofty oak,

And the quivering birds dart out  
 From their nests upon its boughs—

Such our fancy's fearful root!

At that startling sound—and now  
 Our souls are driven, like an ocean

Before the hurricane's fierce motion—

Wilder, louder, grows the storm—

Every sound, and every form,

As terribly we sweep along,

Mingle like a maniac throng!

Norway's awful whirlpool roars,

Like the lake that hath no shores;

Norway's vast black rocks arise,

Like hell-some soaring to the skies!

Io Pian! Io sing,

Honor to the Minstrel-King!

Thousand years shall come and go,

Thousand nations shall 'lie low,'

And new races shall arise;

From old times senters as flies;

Old stars shall fade, and new ones bloom—

Flowers o'er the world's gigantic tomb—

But men shall ever wait in vain  
 To look upon thy like again.  
 Another Homer may arise—  
 Another Newton light the skies—  
 Another Venus burst the foam—  
 Another Ole ne'er shall come!

## REFORMATORY.

## Thoughts on Peace and War.

We are indebted to Dr. WALTER CHANNING, of Boston, for a copy of his admirable Address delivered before the American Peace Society, at its annual meeting, May 27, 1844, from which we take the following extracts:

In the most touching, and, at the same time, sublime passage in the life of Christ, his visible consecration to his mission to man, his baptism, a word came from the excellent majesty of heaven, and that word was peace! 'On earth, peace, good-will to men.' Christ went up out of the waters of baptism with the investiture of peace. He went up, and passed under the cloud of the shadow of death, in his great ministry of life to the world, but peace went up with him, and he never laid aside that quiet, that faithful garment, the robe of salvation. When about to be offered up, the sacrifice, among his last words of sacred bequest, of divine legacy to his disciples, and to us amongst them, peace had its august place. The first word in his ministry, it was the last of his life—Peace I leave with you.

You ask no comment. The record is with you unto the end of the age. You ask not a word more, than a long and elaborate explanation of enforcement of the word from that evangelist. My Christian brethren, you are filled, you are satisfied with that. o not ask, if the Church, the visible body of Christ, has been true to that last, that divine testament, that blessed legacy. I do not ask, if we, men and women here assembled, have been followers after peace, and in its divine guidance, have found its great blessing, and have given to others what we have so freely received. We have come together, that we might think and speak, to of this great theme, this Christian grace, and chieflement, peace. Let us further speak of it, and command it, as we may be able, to the reverence, the love, the obedience of each other, and so of all within us.

I cannot well omit speaking, for a moment, of a recent occurrence which has some bearing on the subject of peace in its Christian relations. I refer to the debate in Congress, on that portion of the appropriation bill which provides for the pay of army and navy chaplains. A member from Indiana, named Pettit, moved to strike out this clause, on the ground that Christianity denounces war; and the obligation of peace under whatever provocation; requiring that evil should never be resisted, but that it should be overcome with good. In other words, he showed how utterly inconsistent it was with the whole spirit of Christianity to have its doctrines taught to armies—to bodies of men collected together and supported for the express purpose of violating a fundamental principle of Christianity, which commands us to save life, not to kill.

Friend Murray says in his last, respecting the debate in Congress, 'I do verily deem it to be candor and moderation when I say, that all other books I have read are together but the dust of the balance compared with that book for lewd tendencies—provided, as I said before, the book in general is to be taken for authority, as coming from the source of purity and goodness!' Phew! How can a man physically so clear headed make such an assertion? It is utterly extravagant. Be the Bible what it may, it cannot be made out such a thing as this. Our philosophers, who have got so far along in wisdom, in the Bible, in Christ, in spiritualism, and in religion as you have, and as much in the omnipotence of physiology, doubtless we shall think and speak your dialect. Till then, we must put physiology second to Christ and his religion, as the means of human salvation.

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It is believed whole families have been drowned, but until the waters subside, the number of lives and extent of loss cannot be known. In the bottom are many houses on small elevations, the farms being low, and in the rear still lower grounds and lakes. The low lands have been inundated to the depth of 10 or 12 feet. The people have been suddenly cut off from getting out to the high grounds, (having no skiffs or canoes,) and have all perished.

Yesterday, my family and some friends went down to the great river.

We first went to the high ground on the margin of the bluffs—the sight was grand and awful. The steam ferry-boat from St. Louis made two trips out to the bluffs to the public road, and went down to the French village, as far as Marlow's house. He told me the ground between his house and the bluffs was dry this morning; we got there at 10 o'clock. A. M., and found the water about twelve inches deep, his dwelling being surrounded.

We walked near the last house on the levee, about two hundred yards, where I found between 60 and 100 men, with about twenty skiffs, yaws, pirogues, &c., employed in bringing stock from the high points in the French village to the water, and driving them to the bluffs to the public road, and went down to the French village, as far as Marlow's house. The water was about two inches deep near Marlow's where it was dry this morning; we got there at 10 o'clock, A. M., and found the water about twelve inches deep, his dwelling being surrounded.

We had heard that five men were drowned near Caneen creek, yesterday.

The water from the Missouri river has broken the narrow strip of ground opposite its mouth, filling up all the lakes and low grounds, and is now driving the current downward, while the back water from below is driving the current upward through the Grand Marais lake. To-day, a gentleman told me the water was three feet deep near Marlow's where it was dry yesterday.

The stage goes only to Marlow's, and the mail is then sent to St. Louis, seven or eight miles, by water.

Mr. Arby, the wealthy Frenchman, who brought out Mr. Claypool and others, was drowned yesterday, while attempting to save his cattle. They swam against and upset the log. Henry Hay has just informed me one of the young Penneaus was drowned while driving out some horses. The horse he rode, though a strong one, was lost.

In Illinois town, many houses are swept away, and some are upset. The water is three feet deep in the American bottom, except two points. Colored Jarrot says his entire crop is lost, as some of his ground was under water 10 and 12 feet.

The people in Illinois town, who could remove, went over to St. Louis, while many poor families got out on a high sand bank, one fourth of a mile east of Pay's house, where, last week, men, women and children were exposed to the hard rain.

Mr. Morrison has just returned from St. Louis, having attended the Whig Convention at Peoria. He states that a large number of the people were exposed to the hard rain.

He made a great desire to cross over to St. Louis yesterday, but was prevented by the weather, and the distance of the people, and the deep gloom, that I left as soon as I could.

A meeting is called in Belleville, for the purpose of inquiring into the wants of those who have suffered in the bottom, at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

P. S.—Sunday morning, 24th, 9 o'clock—We have raised \$100. Mr. C. (sheriff of the county) and others, have left to procure able skiffs to navigate the whole bottom where farms are known to be.

There were several hundred men engaged in trying to save the lives and property of the people.

I. MITCHELL.

The Hutchinson Home.

The following letter is from a number of the "New Mirror," and gives a very accurate account of the delightful home of "THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY."

MY DEAR SIR: Having recently been on a short tour down east, I availed myself of the opportunity to pay a visit, by invitation, to the Hutchinson Family, at their mountain home in 'the old granite State'—and as a thing pertaining to these children of song is always received with interest in this community, I will give a brief account of them as they appeared at the old home.

Mr. T. tells us the destruction of life and property along the Illinois river is immense.

Since the rise, many persons have been drowned by attempting to cross the great water in skiffs with their marking to St. Louis.

I fell a great desire to cross over to St. Louis yesterday, but was prevented by the weather, and the distance of the people, and the deep gloom, that I left as soon as I could.

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The Destruction of the city of Kaskaskia, and town of Chester, &c.—We regret to learn, by late Western papers, that the city of Kaskaskia, Illinois, has been swept away by the flood, a few buildings only remaining.

Several smaller elevations appear also in the distance, and altogether the view from the green in front of the house is very beautiful. The hills and rear present a pleasing variety of hill and valley, forest and plain, and the farms and other living "apartments" are seen skipping and frolicking about, in all their original innocence. At the distance of forty or fifty rods from the house there is a quarry, where we were shown some of the finest blocks of granite we have ever beheld. The farm contains one hundred and sixty acres, about three-fourths of which are woodland, and the remainder open land.

Attached to the house are a number of barns, sheds, stables, etc. of such ample size that the presumption is, there will never be occasion to "tear down and build greater." One of the out-houses was a "pop-hill."

The family once cultivated hope extensively, and it was a very profitable business; but the moment they perceived its bearing upon the cause of temperance, they gave it up, and then voluntarily removed to a more temperate climate.

They have a great desire to go to the West Point Academy, but the moment they perceived its bearing upon the cause of temperance, they gave it up, and then voluntarily removed to a more temperate climate.

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